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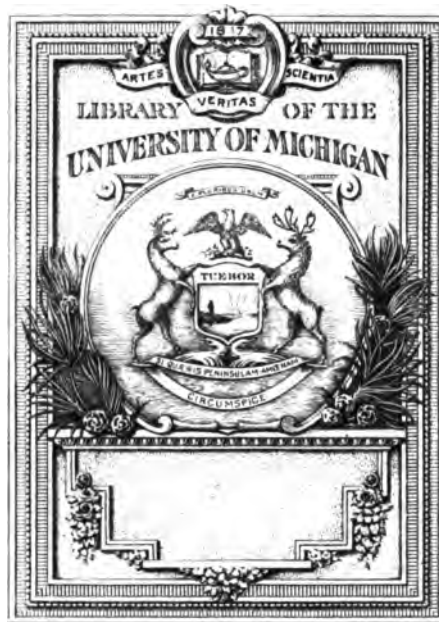
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Burns, Robert
Poems, chiefly in the Scottish
dialect

S O N G S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

KILMARNOCK:

PRINTED BY JAMES M'KIE.

M.DCCC.LXIII.



Entered in Stationer's Hall.

KILMARNOCK COMPLETE EDITION
OF
BURNS' POEMS AND SONGS.

(Limited to 600 Copies, being the extent of the Fac-Simile.)

PRINTED AT KILMARNOCK, IN 1869, BY

James Christie



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P R E F A C E.

WE have had occasion, previously, to remark on the difficulty experienced by former Editors in selecting what are and what are not the real productions of our Poet, and we have felt forcibly the same difficulty ourselves.

Not a few pieces, as we have elsewhere observed, are given as BURNS' which modern criticism demonstrate to be somewhat doubtful, while some are stated to be the production of the Bard, which have been proved as existing before his day,—the latter of these we have, of course, omitted; others, again, have been received as his for such a length of time, that to doubt their genuineness would be heretical.

If these remarks are true of the Poems, they are equally so regarding the Songs. To decide, arbitrarily, that such and such a song is BURNS' is a hard task, and it is made harder by certain circumstances connected with them. Many songs, confessedly his, first appeared anonymously: some were only touched up by him; others were built on an old verse or

two; while another class were, in all likelihood, the production of inferior writers, but launched under the shadow of his name, and thus rescued from oblivion. Among this class we might include *Scenes of Woe and Scenes of Pleasure*, said to be written by RICHARD GALL, and sent by him to "JOHNSON'S Museum" with BURNS' name attached.

On another point a word or two may be necessary. Many of the Songs have a great variety of readings: some of them are so different that they may almost be deemed new ones. To enter into the minutiae of these would extend our remarks unreasonably, and so we forbear. The opinions of different Editors on these readings or renderings are nearly as diverse as the readings themselves, and need not be quoted. In a few cases we have deemed it proper to give double setts of the same song; but the numerous and uncalled for alterations made on several of the songs since the Poet's day, it was not our province to give.

One special instance of an alteration may be quoted. In the song beginning "When wild War's deadly blast was blawn," the first verse, as we have it given from THOMSON, runs—

"When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been bleat'd with mourning;"

Whereas, in BURNS' original MS., sent by him to THOMSON, the third and fourth lines ran—

“Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;”

An exquisitely tender and truthful couplet, worthy of his best moments of inspiration, and which reading has since been universally adopted.

On the other hand, the alteration as in the song, *Farewell, thou fair Day, &c.*, “the *bright* setting sun” being substituted in some Editions for “the *broad* setting sun,” as originally written, is bad; but this, and many such changes, are just other reasons for us sincerely wishing that BURNS' Works had been kept, untouched, as he left them.

Without pretending to be critical, we may be allowed to remark that the quality of several of the Songs is so low that we can hardly fancy them written by BURNS: hence, had we been left entirely to the free exercise of our judgment, the present volume would have been smaller; but as we pledged ourselves, in our Prospectus, to give “The *most complete and perfect Copy* of the Poems and Songs of Robert Burns *ever issued from any Press*,” and as even the questionable or doubtful pieces had certainly passed through his hands—been

polished or enlarged by him—and as they had formerly been given in various Editions as productions of our Author, we did not feel ourselves warranted to leave them out. We have, therefore, partly at the expense of our own convictions, given *the whole*, and redeemed our pledge.

We cannot close this Preface better than by appending BURNS' own words, which we found when collating the Afton Lodge MSS., and which, in so far as we know, have hitherto been unpublished.

JAMES M'KIE.

KILMARNOCK,
DECEMBER, 1869.

“Many verses, on which an author would by no means rest his reputation in print, may yet amuse an idle moment in manuscript; and many Poems, from the locality of the subject, may be uninteresting or unintelligible to those who are strangers to that locality. Most of, if not all the following Poems are in one or other of these predicaments, and the author begs whoever into whose hands they may fall, that they will do him the justice not to publish what he himself thought proper to suppress.”

“R. B.”

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ERRATUM.—Song Volume, page 333,—second line from top,—
for “page 51” read “page 15.”

S O N G S.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA, &c.

Air.—HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering
Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'ft me, my Willie, the fame.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our
parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome, my
Willie;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

A

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your
slumbers,

How your dread howling a lover alarms !

Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !

And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my
arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,

Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

Air. — GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick thaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is aye, a secret aye,

Aboon them a' I hoo him better;

And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and blifs o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure !

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS, &c.

Air.—AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons
in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of
auld men ;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he
has kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay ;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heifers, auld Robin's a laird ;
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
yard :
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;
The wounds I must hide which will soon be
my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me
nane ;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghairt,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my
breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon
me !

O, how past describing had then been my blifs,
As now my distraction no words can exprefs !

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, &c.

AS ALTERED

BY ROBERT BURNS.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh ;
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder thy love for me, Oh :
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh ;
False friends, false love, farewell ! for more,
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh ;
My true love ! she cried,—and sunk down by
his side,
Never to rise again, Oh !

*WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY
BLAST, &c.*

Air.—THE MILL MILL O.

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was
blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been blear'd with mourning ;
I left the lines, and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest lodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand untain'd wi' plunder :
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching time
That caught my youthful fancy :

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported ;
 I past the mill, and tryfing thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted :
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was fwelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, fweet lafs,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's bloffom,
 O ! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom :
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a fodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, a fodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,

That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the fake o't.

She gaz'd—the redder'd like a rose—
Sync pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?—
By Him who made yon sun and sky !
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we're ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandfire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly ;
And come, my faithful fodge lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;

But glory is the fodger's prize,
 The fodger's wealth is honor ;
 The brave poor fodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember, he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

*O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOOD-
 LARK, STAY.*

Air.—LOCHERROCH SIDE.

O STAY, fweet warbling' wood-lark,
 stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that would touch her heart
 Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

B

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the carelefs wind ?
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wauken !
Thou tells of never ending care ;
Of speechlefs grief, and dark despair :—
For pity's fake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

*HERE IS THE GLEN, AND HERE
THE BOWER.*

Air.—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade ;
The village bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid !
'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;—
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !

So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to chear,

At once 'tis mufic,—and 'tis love !
And art thou come, and art thou true !
O welcome dear to love and me !
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

*THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM
BURNS.*

Air.—THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE day returns, my bofom burns,
The blifsful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempeft toil'd,
Ne'er fummer fun was half fae fweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And croffes o'er the fultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone I live :
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to bid us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my blifs,—it breaks my heart !

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Air.—O JEAN I LOVE THEE.

O WERE I on Parnaffus hill ;
 Or had o' Helicon my fill,
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To fing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Mufe's well,
 My Mufe maun be thy bonie fell ;
 On Corfincon * I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

* A high hill near the source of the river Nith.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna fay,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waift fae jimp, thy limbs fae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een,—
 By heaven and earth I love thee.

By night, by day, a field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,—
 I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
'Till my last weary sand was run,
 'Till then—and then I love thee.

*HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE
NIGHT.*

Air.—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

HOW lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie ;
I reffles lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er fae weary.
For oh, her lanely nights are lang ;
And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
And oh, her widow'd heart is fair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightfomè days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie.
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
The joyless day, how dreary ;
It was na tae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

*SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON
CRAIGIEBURN.*

Air.—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but forrow.
I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds finging ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing.

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

O S A W Y E B O N I E L E S L E Y.

Air.—THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

O SAW ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border? *
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.
To see her, is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts of men adore thee.
The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee!
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

* That part of Scotland bordering on England.

The powers' aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themfels fae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonia !
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again fae bonie.

O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN, &c.

Air.—THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it dare
na weel be seen ;
O love will venture in, where wifdom ance
has been ;
But I will down yon river rove amang the
wood fae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the
year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my
dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer; ●
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps
in view,
For it's like a baumy kifs o' her sweet bonie
mou;
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchang-
ing blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily
there;
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' filler
grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o'
day;

But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
take away,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning
star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een
fae clear ;
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to
wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the filken band o'
love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by
a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

*NAE GENTLE DAMES, THO' E'ER
SO FAIR.*

Air.—THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er fae fair,
Shall ever be my mufe's care ;
Their titles a' are empty shaw ;
Gie me my Highland lassie O.
Within the glen fae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain fae rashy, O,
I fet me down wi' right good will,
To fing my Highland lassie O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;

But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar;
For her I'll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.
Farewell, the glen fae bushy, O!
Farewell, the plain fae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland lassie O.

*O MIRK, MIRK IS THIS MIDNIGHT
HOUR.*

Air.—LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar :
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee ;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'ft thou not the grove
By bonie Irvine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine ;
And my fond heart, itsel fae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my false Love,
His wrongs to Heaven and me!

*WHERE CART RINS ROWING TO
THE SEA.*

Air.—THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

WHERE Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading
tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant failor.
Oh I had wooers, eight or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
And I gied it to the failor.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the failor.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees delight in opening flowers ;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant failor.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

Air.—SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear ;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind ;
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair,
An angel form's faun to thy share !
'Tvou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.—

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Air.—THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE,

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part ;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again thou fair Eliza ;—
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wou'd gladly die !
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon :
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee',
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

*YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONIE
DOON.*

Air.—THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT,—
COMPOSED BY MR. JAMES MILLER, EDINBURGH.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn:
Thou mind'ft me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

*FATE GAVE THE WORD, THE
ARROW SPED.*

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH
OF HER SON.

Air.—FINLAYSTON HOUSE, BY J. RIDDEL, AYR.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart :
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid :
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest.

*TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD
SWAIN, &c.*

Air.—BONIE DUNDEE.

TRUE hearted was he the fad fwain of
the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks of the
Ayr;
But by the fweet fide of the Nith's winding
river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young JESSIE, seek Scotland all over;
To equal young JESSIE, you seek it in vain:
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence of lovely young JESSIE,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love fits in her smile, a wizard enfnaring ;
Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law :
And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger !
Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

*DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO
WOO.*

Air.—DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
On new-year's night, when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
MAGGIE cooft her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg was deaf as AILSA Craig *,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan figh'd, baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak o' louping o'er a linn ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Slighted love is fair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die ?

She may gae to—France for me !

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a figh she brings ;

And oh ! her een they spak sic things !

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* A great insulated rock to the south of the island of Arran.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan cou'dna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Air.—DUNCAN GRAY.

• **L**ET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love ;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove :
Look abroad through Nature's range,
• Nature's mighty law is change ;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise;
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly Man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

*O POORTITH CAULD, AND RESTLESS
LOVE.*

Air.---I HAD A HORSE, I HAD NAE MAIR.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why fae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?
E

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;
Fie, fie on filly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een fae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion ;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him ;
O wha can prudence think upon,
And fae in love as I am ?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
He woos his simple dearie :
The filly bogles, Wealth and State,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &c.

Air.—HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of
the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, ap-
pear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown ;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate
pursues.

How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd
in vain ;
How little of life's scanty span may remain ;
What aspects old Time in his progress has
worn ;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is
gain'd !

And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd,
how pain'd !

Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must
live.

In reference to the Authorship of the above song, there has been some dispute. We have collated and printed from the first Edition of "Thomson's Scottish Airs" all the songs of Burns which there appear. In an after Edition of "The Airs," however, it is stated that Dr. Blacklock is the Author of this song, and it is therein added, "This Song is given by Dr. Currie as one of Burns', and his name was accordingly prefixed to it in a former Edition of this work. It appears, however, from the 'Reliques of Burns,' page 248, that it was written by Dr. Blacklock" But we find that previous to the song being in "Thomson's Scottish Airs," it had appeared in "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum," page 241, as Burns'. Hence, we have no hesitation in acceding the Authorship to him.

The following song, "John Anderson, my jo," we give as it appeared in "Thomson's Scottish Airs," although, as noted, it is not entirely written by Burns.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THE TWO LAST STANZAS (ONLY) WRITTEN
BY ROBERT BURNS.

Air.—"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John, when
Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John, her master-
work was Man;
And you among them a', John, so trig from
top to toe,
She prov'd to be no journey-work, John
Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first
conceit,
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye
ear' and late:

They say ye're turning auld, John, and what
though it be so,
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John
Anderfon, my jo.

John Anderfon, my jo, John, when we were
first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bonie
brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John, your locks
are like the snow
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Ander-
fon, my jo.

John Anderfon, my jo, John, we clamb the hill
thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi'
ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand
in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, John Ander-
fon, my jo.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

Air.—"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

HOW cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice :
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife,
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife !

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries ;
'Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer
And drops beneath his feet.

*LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM'
DOWN THE LANG GLEN.*

Air.—"THE LOTHIAN LASSIE."

LAST May a braw wooper cam' down
the lang glen,
And fair wi' his love he did deave me ;
I faid, there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe
me,
The deuce gae wi' him, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
I faid he might die when he liked for Jean ;
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,

But thought I might hae waur offers, waur
offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black coufin Befs,
Guefs ye how the jad ! I could bear her,
could bear her,
Guefs ye how the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the nieft week as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryfte o' Dalgarnock ;
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd feen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd feen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Leeft neebours might fay I was faucy :
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my coufin fu' couthy and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearing ;
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't
feet ;
But heavens ! how he fell a-fwearing, a-
fwearing,
But heavens ! how he fell a-fwearing.

He begged for gude-fake ! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-
morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

O WAT YE WHAS IN YON TOWN.

Air.—"WE'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN."

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the ev'ning fun upon ?
The fairest maid's in yon town
That ev'ning fun is shining on.
Now, haply down yon gay green fhaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree ;
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances of her e'e !
How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year !
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
Of Paradife could yield me joy ;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
My cave would be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she, a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
Yon sinking fun's gane down upon ;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.
And while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

*IN SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS
MAWN.*

Air.—"JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW."

IN fimmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will,
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
Of gude advifement comes nae ill.

It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a fingle flie ;
 He lo'es fae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me :
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

Oh ! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
 The canniest gate, the strife is fair ;
 But ay fu-han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care 's an unco care ;
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and filler canna buy :
 We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on ;
 Content and love bring peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Air.—"THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be :
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be,
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall ;
And lang has had my heart in thrall,
And ay it charms my very faul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ;
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
A thief fae pawky is my Jean
To steel a blink by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be,
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Air.—"THE QUAKER'S WIFE."

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae langer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me ;
Lesley is fae fair and coy,
Care and anguish feize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring ;
Trembling, I dow nought but glowr,
Sighing, dumb, despairing !
If she winna ease the throes,
In my bosom swelling ;
Underneath the graff-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

G

*AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY,
TAM.*

Air.—"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY."

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling fang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
They snool me fair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie,
But three short years will foon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling fang,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie,
At kith or kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !

And hey, sweet ane and twenty,
I'll learn my kin a rattling fang,

Gin I saw ane and twenty.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty ;

But hear'ft thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thine at ane and twenty.

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

Air.—"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY."

THINE am I my faithful fair,
Well thou may'ft discover ;

Ev'ry pulse along my veins,

Tells the ardent lover.

To thy bosom lay my heart,

There to throb and languish ;

Tho' despair had wrung its core,

That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Left I die with pleasure.
What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer fun,
Nature gay adorning.

B L Y T H E W A S S H E, &c.

Air.—"ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN."

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lee !
The evening fun was ne'er fae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been ;
But Phemie was the blytheft lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.

*HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR
STRIFE.*

Air.—"MY JO JANET."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, Sir ;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
"One of two must still obey,
"Nancy, Nancy ;
"Is it man or woman, say,
"My spouse Nancy ?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good bye, allegiance !
"Sad will I be, so bereft,
"Nancy, Nancy ;
"Yet I'll try to make a shift,
"My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I am near it ;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.
“ I will hope and trust in heaven,
“ Nancy, Nancy ;
“ Strength to bear it will be given,
“ My spouse Nancy.”

Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
Still I will try to daunt you ;
• Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
“ I’ll wed another like my dear
“ Nancy, Nancy ;
“ Then all hell will fly for fear,
“ My spouse Nancy.”

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, &c.

Air.—"LUMPS O' PUDDINGS."

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi'
mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' forrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping along,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish
fang.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome
thought,
But man is a foldier, and life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my
pouch,
And my FREEDOM's my lairdship nae monarch
dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship fowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has
past.

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her
way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or
pain ;
My warft word is, " Welcome, and welcome
again !"

*MY HEART IS A-BREAKING DEAR
TITTY.*

Air.—TAM GLEN.

♥
MY heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
Some counfel unto me come len' ;
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen' ;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.
H

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben ;
He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minny does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddy says, gin I'll forfake him,
 He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten :
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a ften ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit fark sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counfel, dear titty, don't tarry ;
I'll gi'e you my bonie black hen,
Gin ye will advife me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

O WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME.

Air.—MORAG.

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping ?
O fweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' fummer weeping,
In tears the rofe-buds fleeping :
O that's the laffie o' my heart,
My laffie, ever dearer ;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou fhalt meet a laffie
In grace and beauty charming ;
That e'en thy chofen laffie,

Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming :
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted :
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken hearted :
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie, ever dearer ;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

*SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE
FORGOT.*

Air.—AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang fyne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang fyne, my dear,
For auld lang fyne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang fyne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang fyne.
For auld lang fyne, my dear, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun 'till dine :
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang fyne.
For auld lang fyne, my dear, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang fyne,
For auld lang fyne, my dear, &c.

And furely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And furely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang fyne.
For auld lang fyne, my dear,
For auld lang fyne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang fyne.

*NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI'
FLOWERS.*

Air.—DAINTY DAVIE.

NOW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading
bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear, dainty Davie.

The chrystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',

The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dew's I will repair,
To meet my faithful Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
I'll flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me at the warlock knowe,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

*IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH
OF MAY.*

Air.—"DAINTY DAVIE."

IT was the charming month of May
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful charming Chloe ;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,

I

In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe :
'Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise ;
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Loveliest was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Dropping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

SONNET. BY MISS MARY FLETCHER, MY
DAUGHTER.

TO MISS MARY FLETCHER.

CANST thou love me thus my **Kate**?
Canst thou love me thus my **Kate**?
And when dost thou my aching heart
And when dost thou my aching heart?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,—
An aching broken heart, my Katy ?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?
Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.

*O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY
BEAUTY.*

Air.—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my
beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's fae meikle in love wi' the filler,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
Ye'll flip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

*ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS
ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.*

Air.—"LEWIE GORDON."

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled ;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power,—
Edward, chains, and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha fae bafe as be a slave ?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw ?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppreffion's woes and pains,
By your fons in fervile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free !

Lay the proud ufurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe ;
Liberty 's in every blow !
Forward,—let us do or die !

*HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E
DEAR.*

Air.—"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA'."

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
Thou art fweet as the smile when fond lovers
meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jeffy.

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied ;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jeffy.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear :
Thou art fweet as the smile when fond lovers
meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jeffy.

I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms,
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jeffy.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the dear rolling ee ;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree—Jeffy !

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY, &c.

Air.—"MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND."

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green
earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun !
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender
ties !
Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy
foe,

Go frighten the coward and slave !

Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but
know,

No terrors haſt thou to the brave.

Thou ſtrik'ſt the dull peaſant, he ſinks in the
dark,

Nor ſaves e'en the wreck of a name :

Thou ſtrik'ſt the young hero, a glorious mark !

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our ſwords in
our hands,

Our King and our Country to ſave,

While victory ſhines on life's laſt ebbing ſands,

O, who would not die with the brave !

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Air.—THE SUTOR'S DOCHTER.

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle
heart,

O wilt thou let me chear thee?

By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!

I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie:

Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Laffie, say thou lo'es me;

Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me.

If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may chuse me;

Let me, laffie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me:

Laffie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

K

*BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO
ROVE.*

Air.—ALLAN WATER.

BY Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
While Phoebus sunk beyond Ben-
ledi ; *

The winds were whispering thro' the grove,

The yellow corn was waving ready :

I listen'd to a lover's sang,

And thought on youthful pleasures many ;

And ay the wild wood echoes rang,

O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie.

O happy be the woodbine bower,

Nae nighty bogie make it eerie ;

Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,

The place and time I met my dearie !

Her head upon my throbbing breast,

She, sinking, said - " I'm thine for ever !"

* Strathallan, 3000 feet high.

While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring 's the primrose-brae,
The summer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow :
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ;
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

*FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT
WINDING FLOWS.*

Air.—"THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR."

FAREWELL, thou stream that wind-
ing flows
Around Eliza's dwelling ;
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling :

Condemn'd to drag a hopelefs chain,
And yet in fecret languifh ;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare difclofe my anguiſh.

Love's verieft wretch, unfeen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover ;
The burſting figh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the haplefs lover :
I know thou doom'ſt me to deſpair,
Nor wilt, nor canſt relieve me ;
But, oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's ſake, forgive me !

The muſic of thy voice I heard,
Nor wiſt while it enflav'd me ;
I ſaw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had fav'd me :
Th' unwary ſailor, thus, aghaſt,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors ſinks at laſt
In overwhelming ruin.

*YE BANKS, AND BRAES, AND
STREAMS AROUND.*

Air.—KATHARINE OGIE.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry :
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves afunder.
But oh ! fell death's untimely froft,
That nipt my flower fae early !
Now green's the fod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, thofe rofy lips
I aft ha'e kifs'd fae fondly !
And clos'd for ay, the fparkling glance
That dwalt on me fae kindly !
And mouldering now in filent duft,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But ftill within my bofom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Air.—"THE LAMMY."

THOU haſt left me ever, Tam, thou haſt
left me ever,
Thou haſt left me ever, Tam, thou haſt left
me ever,
Often haſt thou vow'd that death
Only ſhould us ſever :
Now thou'ſt left thy laſs for ay—I muſt ſee
thee never.

Thou haſt me forſaken, Tam, thou haſt me
forſaken,
Thou haſt me forſaken, Tam, thou haſt me
forſaken ;
Thou canſt love another maid,
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary eyes I'll cloſe, never more to
waken.

*NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE
IN GREEN.*

Air.—THE HOPELESS LOVER.

NOW Spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers :
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering flowers.
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art :
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I ;
But love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine ; 'till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blaft
My youth and joy confume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ;
As little reekt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

— O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
The wretch whose doom is " hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell ;
Within whose bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

L

*HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD
DISTANT SHORE.*

Air.—ROBIN ADAIR.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant
shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing
roar :

There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Fallest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air !
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury—
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there !

*· COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY
· BREAST.*

Air.—ALLEY CROKER.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall funder ;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The world's wealth and grandeur :
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.
To love, to love, that I may live to love her,
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :

And by thy een fae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I feal my vow,
And break it shall I never !
Never, never, break it shall I never !
And on thy lips I feal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

*O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.*

Air.—O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,
MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you,
my lad,
() whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
'Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
() whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
And come, as ye were na coming to me,
And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And *whyles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE, &c

Air.—THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign
lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the
perfume ;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow
broom :
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly,
unseen ;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild
flowers,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my JEAN.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, funny
vallies,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
proud palace,

What are they ?—The haunt of the Tyrant
and Slave!

The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling
fountains,

The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his moun-
tains,

Save LOVE's willing fetters, the chains of his
JEAN.

*FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF
MY SOUL.*

IRISH AIR.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest fun.

To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas ! shall thy poor wand'rer hie ;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The fun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps
'Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair fun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day :
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray.

THE SMALL BIRDS REJOICE, &c.

Irish Air.—"CAPTAIN O'KAIN."

THE small birds rejoice on the green
leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro'
the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
dale.
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem
fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi'
care ?
Nor birds sweetly fingering, nor flowers gayly
springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
The deed that I dared, could it merit their
malice ?
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
M

His right are these hills, and his right are these
vallisies, .

Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can
find none !

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched,
forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I
mourn ;

Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody
trial,

Alas ! can I make it no better return !

SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.

Irish Air.—"SAVOURNA DELIGH."

SLOW spreads the gloom my foul desires,
The fun from India's shore retires ;
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
Oh ! banks to me for ever dear !
Oh ! stream whose murmurs still I hear !

All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye.
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs ?
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side ;
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost ?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my fight !

Swift from this defart let me part,
And fly to meet a kinder heart !
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE, &c.

Irish Air.—"COOLUN."

NOW in her green mantle blythe Nature
arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the
braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green
shaw ;
But to me its delightfuls,—my Nanie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands
adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn ;
They pain my sad bosom, fae sweetly they
blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'.

Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the
 lawn,
 The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking
 dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'.

Come autumn, fae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay ;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving
 snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.

*AWA WI' YOUR WITCHCRAFT O'
 BEAUTY'S ALARMS.*

Irish Air.—"BALINAMONA ORA."

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's
 alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms ;
 O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that
blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green
knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white
yewes.

Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has
bleft,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when posselt ;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie
imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're
careft.

Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lafs wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

*WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE
MET, &c.*

Air.—SAW YE MY FATHER.

WHERE are the joys I have met in
the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim, furly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay
roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known :
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

*BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN
THE GROVES.*

Air.—"DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE."

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.
The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly, lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milkwhite thorn?

N

The shepherd in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine ;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

MY MARY'S FACE, &c.

Air.—"THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN."

MY Mary's face, my Mary's form,
The frost of hermit age might
warm ;
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Mary's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art ;
But I adore my Mary's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage difarms;
These are all immortal charms.

'TWAS *EVEN*;—OR, *THE LASS O'*
BALLOCHMYLE.

Air.—"JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS."

'**T**WAS even—the dewy fields were
green,
On every blade the pearls hung;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature lift'ning seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.*

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain !

* *Variation.* Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lafs o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the flipp'ry steep;
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the foil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonie lafs o' Ballochmyle.

A Y W A K I N G, O !

Air.—AY WAKING, O.

AY waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie,
Reft I canna get
For thinking o' my dearie.
O this love, this love!

Life to me how dreary !
When I sleep I dream,
O ! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish ?
O this love, this love !

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror ;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love !

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of forrow.
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But, my Chloris spare me!
Spare, O spare my love! *

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Air.—"THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE."

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

* The line in the first stanza, "Life to me how dreary,"
and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor of
"THOMSON'S Scottish Airs."

Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And, drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly preft,
The dew fat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.*

* This song was written in 1787. Miss JEANY C*****.
***к, daughter of a friend of the Bard, is the Heroine.

*THOU LING'RING STAR, WITH
LESS'NING RAY.*

Air.—HIGHLAND MARY.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'ft to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'ft in the day
My Mary from my foul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blifsful reft?
See'ft thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'ft thou the groans that rend his breaft?

That facred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Thofe records dear of transports paff,
Thy image at our laft embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our laft!
O

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene :
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Air.—“THE WEE, WEE MAN.”

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms fae far frae haunt o'
man ;

And bonie she, and ah how dear !

It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,

How pure, amang the leaves fae green ;

But purer was the lover's vow

They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,

That crimson rose how sweet and fair ;

But love is far a sweeter flow'r

Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,

Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;

And I the world nor wish nor scorn,

Its joys and griefs alike resign.

*O LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU
GLIDE.*

Air.—LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN ! fweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years finfyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the fimmer fun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs :
Blythe morning lifts his rofy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy :
My foul, delightless, a' furveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :—
But I, wi' my sweet nurrlings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pafs widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' fstate,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry !
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

*I GAED A WAEFU' GATE
YESTREEN.*

Air.—"THE BLATHRIE O'T."

I GAED a wae fu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa fweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white,—
It was her een fae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Came frae her een fae bonie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:

Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een fae bonie blue. *

LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

Air.—"ROTHIEMURCUS RANT."

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artlefs lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artlefs lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

* The heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochmaben, now Mrs. R. in New York, North America.

And when the welcome summer show'r
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At fultry noon, my dearie O.

Laffie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie laffie, artlefs laffie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
When Cynthia lights, wi' filver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
And talk of love my dearie O.

Laffie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie laffie, artlefs laffie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
And when the howling, wintry blast
Disturbs my laffie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Air.—"ROTHIEMURCUS RANT."

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !
O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !
 " Nor use a faithful lover so ? "

Fairest maid on Devon banks !
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
Then come, thou fairest of the fair !
Those wonted smiles, O let me share !
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

Note.—" Fairest Maid on Devon Banks," it is believed, was the very last production of our much-lamented Bard ;—he transmitted it to the Editor [Thomson] about a week only before his death.

O TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Air.—" IF A BODY MEET A BODY."

O TIBBIE! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae fhy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae fhy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
I doubt na, lafs, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
'That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae fhy;

For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But forrow tak' him that's fae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony faucy quean
That looks fae proud and high.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
Although a lad were e'er fae smart,
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae fhy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But Tibbie, lafs, tak' my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you fae nice;
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been fae fhy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
There lives a lafs in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her fark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look fae high.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

Air.—SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay!
Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe,
Chords that vibrate, &c.

HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS, &c.

Written, in 1787, on a young Lady residing on the banks of the river Devon, in Clackmananshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

HIGHLAND AIR.

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear
winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs
blooming fair ;
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the
Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the
Ayr.

O mild be the fun on this sweet blushing
flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the
dew ;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to
renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn :
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that
seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and
lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud
rose ;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring
flows.

BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Air.—"THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE."

BONIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now fimmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,

Bonie laffie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie laffie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie laffie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.*

* This is written in the same measure with the old Song,
"The Birks of *Abergeldie*," from which nothing is borrowed but
the first four lines.

*BUT LATELY SEEN, IN GLADSOME
GREEN.*

Air.—"THE DEATH OF THE LINNET."

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.
Tho' now, all Nature's sweets are fled
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'. *

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but bufs or beild,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh! age has weary, weary days!
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'ft thou not again!

* In the author's copy, the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which being too short for the air, the Editor [Thomson] has taken the liberty of altering as above.

*FAREWELL, YE DUNGEONS DARK
AND STRONG.*

(Written by BURNS, the first stanza and the chorus excepted.)

Air.—M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and
strong,
The wretch's destinie !
M'Pherfon's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, fae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath ?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword ;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie ;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky !
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die !

Sae rantingly, &c.

*WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO
WI' AN AULD MAN.*

Air.—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO, &c.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall
a young lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
To sell her poor Jenny for filler and lan'.

Bad luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
He hofts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

He's doyl't, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he
cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young
fellows,

O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

He's peevish, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll crofs him, and wrack him, until I heart-
break him,
And then his auld brafs will buy me a new
pan!
I'll crofs him, &c.

*THE CATRINE WOODS WERE
YELLOW SEEN.*

Air.—THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,*
Nae lav'rock fang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria fang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,

* Catrine, in Ayrshire, the seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.

And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.*

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas ! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile ;
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle !

*THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE
WAS FAIR.*

Air.—"WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG."

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen ;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

* Ballochmyle, formerly the seat of Sir JOHN WHITEFORD, now
of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang fae merrilie ;
The blytheft bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owfen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryfte,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witlefs Jeanie wift,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown !
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;

Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e ;
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea ?

The sun was finking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O can't thou think to fancy me !
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had na will to fay him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

R

*BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT
ARRIVE!*

Highland Air.—"ORAN GAOIL."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part!
I'll often greet this furling swell;
Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en *here*, I took the last farewell;
" *There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd fail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

*The first and second Stanzas written for this work [“Thomson’s
Scottish Airs”] by BURNS and J. RICHARDSON.—The last Stanza
is old.*

Highland Air.—“ORAN GAOIL.”

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
With purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.
How I would mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I would sing on wanton wing,
When merry May its bloom renew’d.

O were my love yon vi’let sweet,
That peeps frae ’neath the hawthorn spray;
And I mysel’ the zephyr’s breath,
Amang its bonie leaves to play.
I’d fan it wi’ a constant gale,
Beneath the noontide’s scorching ray;

And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
At morning dawn and parting day.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa' !
And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa' !
Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Seal'd on her silk-fast falds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Air.—LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For Love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rife and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'ft the winter wind and weet,
Nae ftar blinks thro' the driving fleet ;
Take pity on my weary feet,
And fhield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blaft that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldnefs of thy heart's the caufe
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

Her Answer

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld difdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

The fnelleft blaft, at mirkeft hours,
That round the pathlefs wanderer pours,

Is nought to what poor she endures
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The wierd may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witlefs, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

*FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT
NEAR.*

Air.—"LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT."

FORLORN, my Love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, Love.
O wert thou, Love, but near me,
But near, near, near me ;
How kindly thou would'st cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Henry shine, Love !
O wert, &c.

*SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU,
FAIREST CREATURE?*

Air.—"DEIL TAK' THE WARS."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest
creature?

Rofy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy.
Now, to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton
flray :
In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours ;
The lav'rock, to the fky
Ascends wi' fangs o' joy ;
While the fun and thou arife to blefs the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Banifhes ilk darkfome fhade,

Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my Jeany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark,
o'ercaft my sky :
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light ;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart ;
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy !

*MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY
FASHION.*

Air.—"DEIL TAK' THE WARS."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compar'd with real passion ;
Poor is all that princely pride.

S

What are their showy treasures ?
What are their noisy pleasures ?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Phillis,
In simplicity's array ;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing
foul !

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

*OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN
BLAW.*

Air.—"THE POET'S AIN JEAN."

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There 's not a bonie flower that springs,
By fountain, fhaw, or green ;
There 's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O PHELY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

A Jacobite Air.

‘ **O** PHELY, happy be that day,
‘ When roving through the gather’d
hay,
‘ My youthful heart was stown away,
‘ And by thy charms, my Phely.

“ O Willy, ay I blefs the grove
“ Where first I own’d my maiden love,
“ Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
“ To be my ain dear Willy.

‘ As songsters of the early year
‘ Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
‘ So ilka day to me mair dear
‘ And charming is my Phely.

“ As on the brier the budding rose
“ Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
“ So in my tender bosom grows,
“ The love I bear my Willy.

‘ The milder sun and bluer sky
‘ That crown my harvest cares wi’ joy,
‘ Were ne’er fae welcome to my eye,
‘ As is a fight o’ Phely.

“ The little swallow’s wanton wing,
“ Tho’ wafting o’er the flowery spring,
“ Did ne’er to me sic tidings bring,
“ As meeting o’ my Willy.

‘ The bee that thro’ the sunny hour
‘ Sips nectar in the op’ning flower,
‘ Compar’d wi’ my delight is poor
‘ Upon the lips o’ Phely.

“ The woodbine in the dewy weat,
“ When evening shades in silence meet,
“ Is nocht fae fragrant or fae sweet
“ As is a kifs o’ Willy.

‘ Let fortune’s wheel at random rin,
‘ And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
‘ My thoughts are a’ bound up in ane,
‘ And that’s my ain dear Phely.

“ What ’s a’ the joys that gowd can gi’e ?
“ I care na wealth a fingle flie ;
“ The lad I love ’s the lad for me,
“ And that ’s my ain dear Willy.

*HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE
GLAD ?*

Air.—“ O’ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA.”

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my failor lad ?
How can I the thought forego,
He ’s on the seas to meet the foe ?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that ’s far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that ’s far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Liftening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore ;
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that 's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that 's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome fails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that 's far away,
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that 's far away.

*THE HONEST MAN 'THE BEST OF
MEN.*

The Editor [Thomson] has taken the liberty to alter the two first words of this Song, for the sake of the Music, and because there is an ellipsis in the line as it stands in the Author's copy, "*Is there for honest poverty,*" which, in *singing* at least, has not a good effect.

Air — "UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLY."

WHERE 'S he for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;

Gie fools their filks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that :

For a' that, and a' that,

Their tinsel shew, and a' that,

The honest man, tho' e'er fae poor,

Is king o' men, for a' that.

For a' that, &c.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,

Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;

Though hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a coof for a' that :

For a' that, and a' that,

His ribband, star, and a' that,

The man of independent mind,

He looks and laughs at a' that.

For a' that, &c.

A prince can make a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that ;

But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gude faith he maunna fa' that !

For a' that, and a' that,

Their dignities, and a' that,

T

The pith of fenſe, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.
For a' that, &c.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That fenſe and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

HARK THE MAVIS' EVENING SANG.

Air. — "THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS."

HARK ! the mavis' evening ſang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
 My bonie, bonie, dearie.
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
 My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden-side,
Through the hazel's spreading wide
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
 To the moon fae clearly.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's filent towers,
Where at moon-shine mid-night hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers
 Fairies dance fae cheery.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Gaif nor bogle fhalt thou fear,
Thou 'rt to love and heaven fae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die,—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

Air.—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wifer men than me's beguil'd,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how agree;
I care na by how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet ;
I could write,—but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

*THICKEST NIGHT SURROUND MY
DWELLING !*

Air.—"STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT."

The speaker is supposed to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St. GEORGE.

THICKEST night surround my dwelling !

Howling tempests o'er me rave !
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave.
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redrefs,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens deny'd success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend!

O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

Air.— THE HAPPY TRIO,— COMPOSED BY
ALLAN MASTERTON.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to see; *
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Chriften-die.
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e; ^A

* The POET,—the COMPOSER of the Air,—and Mr. WILLIAM
NICOL of the High School, Edinburgh.

The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fou, &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That 's blinking in the lift fae hie ;
She shines fae bright, to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e ;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he !

Wha first beside his chair fhall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappy in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. -
We are na fou, &c.

*THERE LIV'D ANCE A CARLE IN
KELLYBURN-BRAES.*

Air. — KELLYBURN-BRAES.

This Song, which is said to be old, was communicated by BURNS,
[to "Thomson's Scottish Airs,"] and probably received some
touches from him.

THERE liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-
braes,

Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,

He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that 's a' my com-
plaint,
"Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a faint!
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
"prime."

'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall
'crave,
'Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must
'have,
'And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
'prime.'

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
"Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme;
"But if ye can match her ye're waur than
"ye're ca'd,
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
"prime."

So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his
band,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

The earlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae
mair,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
O help, maister, help, or she'll ruin us a',
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

Auld Sootie then fwore by the edge of his
knife,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
But ne'er was in h—ll till I met wi' a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme ;
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in
prime.

*S A E F L A X E N W E R E H E R
R I N G L E T S .*

Irish Air.—"OONAGH."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
Her smiling, fae wyling,
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first her bonie face I saw;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wou'd make a faint forget the sky;

Sae warming, fae charming,
Her fautless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair !
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at funny noon ;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

WILLIE WASTLE'S WIFE.

Air. — “TIBBIE FOWLER.”

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-
doddie,

Willie was a wabfter gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour ;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
A whifkin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife, &c.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter ;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder ;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle fits,
And wi' her loof her face a washin ;
But Willie's wife is nae fae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

WHEN O'ER THE HILL THE
EASTERN STAR.

Air.—THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
And owfen frae the furrowed field
Return fae dowf and weary O :

Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er fae wild,
And I were ne'er fae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning fun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Adown the burn to steer, my jo :
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart fae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Air.—"FINGAL'S LAMENT".

THE lovely lass of Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
And aye the salt tear blinds her ee :
Drumoffie muir, Drumoffie day,*
A waefu' day it was to me ;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made fair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

* Drumoffie Muir, or Culloden Field, which proved so fatal to the Highland clans, fighting, under Prince CHARLES STUART, against the English army commanded by the duke of CUMBERLAND.

*OH, HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND
GLAD.*

Air.—"MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL."

OH, how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw;
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father put me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will take my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter foon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And a' my tears be tears of joy,
When he comes hame that's far awa.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Air.—"SUNSET."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins once had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
Though wandering now must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days !

O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE.

Air.—"THE GLASGOW LASSES."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blythely would I bide the stoure,
A weary flave from fun to fun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morifon.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toaft of a' the town,
I figh'd, and said amang them a',
Ye are na Mary Morifon.

O Mary, can't thou wreck his peace,
Who for thy sake would gladly die!
Or can't thou break that heart of his,
Whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison.

TO THEE, LOV'D NITH, &c.

THE FIRST STANZA BY MRS. RIDDEL.

Air.—"MARIAN'S DREAM."

TO thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladfome plains,
Where late with careless thought I
rang'd,
Though prest with care and funk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest,
O yield me now a peaceful grave,
And give a love-lorn maiden rest !
And should the false one hither stray,
No vengeful spirit bid him fear ;
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear !

*NOW BANK AND BRAE ARE
CLOTHED IN GREEN.*

Air.—" I CANNA COME ILKA DAY TO 'WOO."

NOW bank and brae are clothed in green,
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring ;
By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Caffills' banks when ev'ning fa's,
There with my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee.

The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair !
Then let me range by Caffills' banks,
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee.

PARTING FOR EVER.

Irish Air.

ONE fond kiss, and then we sever ;—
One farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy :
But to see her, was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
One fond kiss, and then we sever ;
One farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

S O M E B O D Y.

MY heart is fair, I darena tell,
My heart is fair for Somebody ;
I could wake a winter night,
For the fake of Somebody.
O hey ! for Somebody,
O dear ! for Somebody ;
I could range the world around,
For the fake of Somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on Somebody !
From ev'ry danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
O hey ! for Somebody,
O dear ! for Somebody ;
I would do—what would I not ?
For the fake of Somebody.

W

MY LOVE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

BY BURNS AND THOMSON.

MY Love's a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonie wee thing,
She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And next my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

O blessings on my wee thing,
My kindly blythesome wee thing,
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine.
In Roslin's fairest bower
I'll shelter this sweet flower,
No chilly blast nor shower
Shall blight this rose of mine.

I dote on ev'ry feature
Of this dear artless creature,
This darling child of nature,
More sweet than the light to my eye.
In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
Through follies without measure;
But now I've found a treasure
Too rich for a king to buy.

YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS, &c.

YOUNG PEGGY blooms our bonniest
lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them :
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of furly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen ;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poisoned tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth
From ev'ry ill defend her ;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

BY YON CASTLE WA', &c.

BY yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing tho' his head it
was grey ;
And as he was singing the tears down came,
There will never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars :
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's
to blame,
There will never be peace till Jamie comes
hame,

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the
yard,
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld
dame,
There will never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown,
But 'till my last moments my words are the
fame,
There will never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its high-
lands to me?

The fouth nor the east give ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers
may be,

For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

P H I L L I S T H E F A I R .

WHILE larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare ;
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there ;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were ;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare ;

So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY, &c.

AN OLD SONG IMPROVED BY BURNS.

I'M o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a fin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet;
I am my mammy's ae bairn,
She never lets me weary, Sir,
I've been her darling a' my days,
To leave her I am eerie, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a fin,
To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Tho' Hallowmas is come and gane,
And nights are lang in winter, Sir,

And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.

I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I've been but three years in my teens ;
Ifn't rather soon to marry yet ?
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir ;
But if you come this gate again
I'll aulder be gin fimmer, Sir.

ALLAN MASTERTON'S BONIE ANNE.

YE gallants bright I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonie Anne,
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your hearts she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan ;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waift
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van,
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Anne.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But powerful Love enslaves the man :
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonie Anne.

O FOR HIM BACK AGAIN.

MY HARRY was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again !
O for him back again !
I wou'd gie. a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Loyal Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed
I wander dowie up the glen ;

I fit me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him back again !
O for him back again !
Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
And fend my laddie back again.

*H I G H L A N D M A R Y.**

POWERS celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care.
Let her form so fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast,

In the Poet's MSS. this song is call'd "A prayer for Mary,"
doubtless meaning Mary Campbell.

Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest :
Guardian angels ! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

P O L L Y S T E W A R T.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
And Art can ne'er renew it,
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he who wins thy matchless charms
Possess a leal and true heart ;
To him be given to ken the heav'n
He gains in Polly Stewart !

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so sweet as thou art.

THE IMPLORING LOVER.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lafs,
In mine, lafs, in mine, lafs;
And fwear on thy white hand, lafs,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A flave to love's unbounded fway,
He oft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou'lt be my ain.

O lay thy loof in mine, lafs,
In mine, lafs, in mine, lafs;
And fwear on thy white hand, lafs,
That thou wilt be my ain.

There's mony a lafs has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best,
But thou art queen within my breast
For ever to remain.

W A E I S M Y H E A R T.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in
my e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me ;
Forfaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in
my ear.

O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I
lov'd,
O Love thou hast sorrows, and fair have I
prov'd ;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my
breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at
rest.

O if I were happy, where happy I have been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle
green ;
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's
e'e.

P E G G Y C H A L M E R S.

WHERE, braving angry winter's
 storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wond'ring eyes.
As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With Arts most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 Where first I felt their power.
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

Air.—THE CARDING O'T.

OH leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
Oh leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
I'll fit me down and fing and spin,
While laigh descends the fimmer fun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my bonie cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Acrofs the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The fun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival other's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The pairrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The fwallow jinkin' round my fhiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' fma' to fell, and lefs to buy,
Aboon distrefs, below envy,
Oh wha wad leave this humble ftate
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinfome joys ;
Can they the peace and pleafure feel
Of Beffy at her spinning-wheel ?

H A N D S O M E N E L L.

This was Burns' very first attempt in verse. 'T was composed, according to his own account, in his sixteenth year, on a "bonie, sweet, sonfy lass, who was his companion on the harvest-field."—See his interesting letter to Dr. Moore. He says elsewhere, that he had no thoughts of turning poet 'till he once got heartily in love, and then that rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of his heart. Although this juvenile production is much inferior to the after Lyrics of the Poet, yet its romantic little history and its pleasing simplicity, Mr. THOMSON thinks, will recommend it to most fingers.

Air.—"HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN."

O ONCE I lov'd a bonie Lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that honour warms my heart,
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie Lassies I ha'e seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest, graceful mien,
 Her like I never saw.

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A bonie Lafs, all will confefs,
Is pleafant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no the Lafs for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
And, what is beft of a',
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw.

She drefses aye fae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel:
And then there's fomething in her gait
Gars ony drefs look weel

A gaudy drefs and gentle air
May flightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modefty
That polifhes the dart.

'T is this in Nelly pleafes me,
'T is this enchants my foul,
For abfolutely in my breaft,
She reigns without control.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Air.—"HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN."

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chafing the
deer ;
Chafing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of
worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with
snow,
Farewell to the fraths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not
here,
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chafing the
deer ;
Chafing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

A S I W A S A - W A N D ' R I N G .

THE LAST STANZA (ONLY) BY BURNS.

Highland Air.

AS I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer
ev'ning,
The pipers and youngsters, were making
their game,
Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover,
Which bled all the wounds of my dolour
again.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae
wi' him,
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;

I flatter my fancy I ~~may~~ get another,
My heart it shall never be broken for aye.

I cou'dna get sleeping till dawning, for ~~greeting~~,
The tears trickled down like the hail and the
rain ;
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae
broken,
For oh ! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Altho' he has left me for greed o' the filler,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and their Powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they chuse it ;

There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleasant weather :
The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow ;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' forrow.

The foregoing are the Songs given as BURNS' in THOMSON'S "Melodies of Scotland."

Although JOHNSON'S Publication, "The Scots Musical Museum," appeared prior to "THOMSON'S Melodies," we have preferred giving the Songs published in the latter first in order, because they were printed distinctively in that work with the Poet's name attached to each, whereas in "JOHNSON'S Museum," several of his effusions are given anonymously.

The following, therefore, are from the "Museum."

THE NORTHERN LASS.

THO' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rife, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless foul,
I still would love my Jean.

*STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU
LEAVE ME?*

Tune.—AN GILLE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me:
Cruel charmer, can you go!
Cruel charmer, can you go!

Z

By my love fo ill requited ;
By the faith you fondly plighted ;
By the pangs of lovers flighted ;
Do not, do not leave me fo !
Do not, do not leave me fo !

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tunc.—MORAG.

L OUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover,
Like winter on me feizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.

CHORUS.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall foon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely finging,
And every flower be springing.

CHORUS.

Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle-Gordon.

*R A V I N G W I N D S A R O U N D
H E R B L O W I N G.*

Tune.—M'GREGOR OF BORO'S LAMENT.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands flowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring
Isabella stray'd deploring.

Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless Future pondering,
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou foul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark Oblivion join thee !

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune. — DRUIMION DUBH.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me :
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

T I B B I E D U N B A R.

Tune.—JOHNNY M'GILL.

O WILT thou go wi' me, fweet Tibbie
Dunbar?

O wilt thou go wi' me, fweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O fweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, fae high and fae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie fweet Tibbie Dunbar.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MOOR.

Tune.—CAMERONIAN RANT.

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
Or were you at the Sherra-moor,
Or did the battle fee, man.
“I saw the battle fair and tough,
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae fough for fough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

CHORUS.

La la la la la la la la la la la da
La la la la la la la la la la la da.

“ The red-coat lads wi’ black cockauds
To meet them were na flaw, man,
They rush’d, and push’d, and blude outgush’d,
And mony a bouk did fa,’ man :
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc’d for twenty miles,
They hough’d the Clans like nine-pin kyles
They hack’d and hafh’d while braid fwords
clash’d,
And thro’ they dash’d, and hew’d and smash’d,
Till fey men died awa, man.

La la la, &c.

“ But had ye seen the philibegs
And fkyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar’d our Whigs,
And covenant True blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baiginets o’erpower’d the targe,
And thousands hasten’d to the charge ;
Wi’ Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o’ death, till out o’ breath
They fled like frightened dows, man.”

La la la, &c.

“ O how deil Tam can that be true ?

The chafe gaed frae the north, man ;

I saw mysel, they did pursue

The horse-men back to Forth, man

And at Dunblane, in my ain fight

They took the brig wi' a' their might,

And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,

But, curfed lot ! the gates were shut,

And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat

For fear amaisht did swarf, man.

La la la, &c.

“ My sifter Kate cam up the gate

Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;

She swoor she saw some rebels run

To Perth and to Dundee, man :

Their left-hand General had nae skill ;

The Angus lads had nae gude will,

That day their neebour's blude to spill ;

For fear by foes that they should lose

Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows

And hameward fast did flee, man.

La la la, &c.

“ They’ve loft some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
Or in his en’mies hands, man :
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gudenight ;
Say pell and mell, wi’ muskets knell
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll
Flew off in frightened bands, man.”

La la la, &c.

THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day and mirk’s the night,
But we’ll ne’er stray for faute o’ light,
For ale and brandy’s stars and moon,
And blude red wine’s thé ryfin Sun.

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.
A a

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And femple-folk maun fecht and fen ;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

Then guidwife count, &c.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

IT is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wi' I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak thee fae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee :
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay :
Then gae your gate ye'fe nae be here !
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye fae like a thief ?
O come and see, quo' Findlay ;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay ;

Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay ;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour !
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

BONIE wee thing, canie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine ;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Leaft my Jewel I should tine.

Withfully I look and languish
In that bonie face of thine ;

And my heart it founds wi' anguish,
Left my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine ;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddeſs o' this foul o' mine !

Bonie wee, &c.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naeboddy ;
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie Cuckold to naeboddy.

I hae a penny to ſpend,
There, thanks to naeboddy ;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naeboddy.

I am naeboddy's lord,
I'll be ſlave to naeboddy ;

I hae a gude braid fword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be fad for naebody ;
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody.

A F T O N W A T E R.

FLOW gently, fweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, I'll fing thee a fong in thy praife ;
My Mary's afleep by thy murmuring fteam,
Flow gently, fweet Afton, difturb not her dream.

Thou flock dove whole echo refounds thro'
the glen,
Ye wild whiftling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crefted lapwing thy fcreaming
forbear,
I charge you difturb not my flumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,

Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding
rills;

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies
below,

Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
blow;

There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets the stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes,

Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my
lays;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

B O N I E B E L L .

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing ;
And furly winter grimly flies ;
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the funny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the
morning,
The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's fwell ;
All Creatures joy in the suns returning,
And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads funny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my Bonie Bell.

*THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY
DADDIE.*

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O !
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin body, O !
He paidles out, and he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O !
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fufionlefs carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue, now Nanfie, O :
I've feen the day, and fae hae ye,
Ye wad na been fae donfie, O.
I've feen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O ;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, Oh, I find it fairly, O !

A R E D, R E D R O S E.

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June ;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luve thee still my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
And fare the weel, a while !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile !

LOUIS WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

L OUIS what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bofom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, fwith awa!
Reif randies I difown ye!—***

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.

FIRST SETT.

C OMIN thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye.

CHORUS.

Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body
Jenny's feldom dry,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kifs a body
Need a body cry.

Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin thro' the glen ;
Gin a body kifs a body
Need the world ken !

Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

COMIN THRO' THE RYE.

SECOND SETT.

GIN a body meet a body, comin thro'
the rye,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body cry ;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I ;
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur
am I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell ;
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,
But a the lads they loe me, and what the waur
am I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom ;
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur
am I.

S A E F A R A W A.

O SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake fae far awa ;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land fae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair fae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start,
At this my way fae far awa.

How true is love to pure defert,
So love to her, fae far awa :
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, Oh, she is fae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel, but her's fae far awa ;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair fae far awa.

O M A Y T H Y M O R N .

O MAY thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December,
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber :
And dear was she, I darena name,
But I will ay remember.
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum ;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's gude watch o'er them :
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
O Mary how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
The voice of Nature prizing.

*HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY
BONIE LASS.*

Tune.—LAGGAN BURN.

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
Gude night and joy be wi' thee :
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
To tell thee that I loe thee.
O dinna think my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee :
I vow and fwear, I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay fae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee,
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
Depending on some higher chance,
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me ;
For I'm as free as any he,
Sma' filler will relieve me.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
And ay until ye try them :
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
They may prove as bad as I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines
bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
For the man that loves his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary.

G L O O M Y D E C E M B E R .

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy
December !

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone :
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me re-
member,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

W E E W I L L I E G R A Y.

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather
wallet ;
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket ;
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an'
doublet,
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an'
doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
Twice a lily flower will be him fark and
cravat ;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

*SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF
PLEASURE.*

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew ;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a fad and laft adieu.

Bonie Doon, fae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang,
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic fang.

Bowers adieu ! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the fastest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear ;
But alas ! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe !

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me ;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be.
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew ;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu.

GUDEEN TO YOU KIMMER.

CORRECTED BY BURNS.

GUDEEN to you Kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
The better that I'm fou.

CHORUS.

We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin at our hause at hame;
We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin at our hause at hame.

Kate fits i' the neuk,
Suppin hen-broo;
Deil tak Kate
An' she be na noddin too!
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
And how do ye thrive;
How mony bairns hae ye?
Quo' Kimmer, I hae five.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johny's?
Eh! atweel no:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johny was awa.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo;
Lads like lassies weel,
And lassies lads too.
We're a' noddin, &c.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

CHORUS.

*O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.*

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I marry'd ;
But never honest man's intent,
As curfedly miscarry'd.
Some fairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm fure o' blifs aboon, man.
O ay my wife she, &c.

S C R O G G A M.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam ;
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen.
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scrog-
gam ;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither.
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scrog-
gam ;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither.
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

O GUDE ALE COMES, &c.

CORRECTED BY R. BURNS.

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me fell my hofe,
Sell my hofe, and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
I had sax owfen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel enough;
I fell'd them a' juft ane by ane;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and bufy,
Gars me moop wi' the fervant hizzie,
Stand i' the fool when I hae done,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me fell my hofe,
Sell my hofe, and pawn my shoon;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

*Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him ;
Fient a beuk bad I,
Yet I stack by him.*

I GAED up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter ;
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the Eller's dochter ?
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle ;
Fient haet he had but three
Goos feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

*MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS
UPON'T.*

CHORUS.

*My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't ;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't.*

MY Lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are
nane ;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My Lady's white, my Lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Caffillis' blude,
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
My Lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon mofs,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pafs,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lafs,
A lily in a wildernefs.

My Lady's gown, &c.

Sae fweetly move her genty limbs,
Like mufic-notes o' Lover's hymns :
The diamond-dew in her een fae blue,
Where laughing love fae wanton fwims.

My Lady's gown, &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the weft ;
But the Laffie that man loes beft,
O that's the Lafs to mak him bleft.

My Lady's gown, &c.

S W E E T E S T M A Y .

SWEETEST May let love inspire thee ;
Take a heart which he designs thee ;
As thy constant slave regard it ;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonie ;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In Love's filken band can bind it.

*O K E N Y E W H A T M E G O ' T H E M I L L
H A S G O T T E N ?*

O KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has
gotten ?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten ?
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
And that's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly ?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly ?
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
And that's what Meg o' the mill loes dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married ?
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married ?
The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was
carried,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married.
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded ?
An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded ?
The groom gat fae fu' he fell awald beside it,
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kifs,
O'er the mountains he is gane ;
And with him is a' my blifs,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my love ye winds that blaw,
Plashy fleets and beating rain,

Spare my love, thou feath'ry fnaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladfome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For whare'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

CAULD IS THE E'ENIN BLAST.

CAULD is the e'enin blaft
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

O cauld blaws the e'enin blaft
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er fae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsfey
Gat grift to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS.

THERE was a bonie lass,
And a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear ;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' monie a figh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar ;
He still was a stranger to fear :
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom affail,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed fae dear.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell,
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to fell.

CHORUS.

The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what ye can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.

The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again.

The wean, &c.

*O THAT I HAD NE’ER BEEN
MARRIED.*

CORRECTED BY R. BURNS.

O THAT I had ne’er been married,
I wad never had nae care,
Now I’ve gotten wife and bairns,
An’ they cry crowdie ever mair.

CHORUS.

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day ;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye’ll crowdie a’ my meal away.

ADDED BY BURNS.

Waefu’ Want and Hunger fley me,
Glowrin by the hallan en’ ;
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I’m eerie they come ben.

Ance crowdie, &c.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

CHORUS.

*O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's ev'ry way compleat.*

AS I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet,
But O the road was very hard,
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in filken shoon,
And twere more fit that she should fit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Mally's meek, &c.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corfincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally.

CHORUS.

We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe,
On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, flap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourfels united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
For never but, &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't :
Our father's blude the kettle bought !
And wha wad dare to spoil it ?
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it !

By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not sing, God save the king,
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People.

But while we sing, &c.

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ?
Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ?
Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ?
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me.

And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me ;
And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me ;
And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me ;
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter ;
“ For our ramgunshoch, glum goodman
“ Is o'er ayont the water : ”

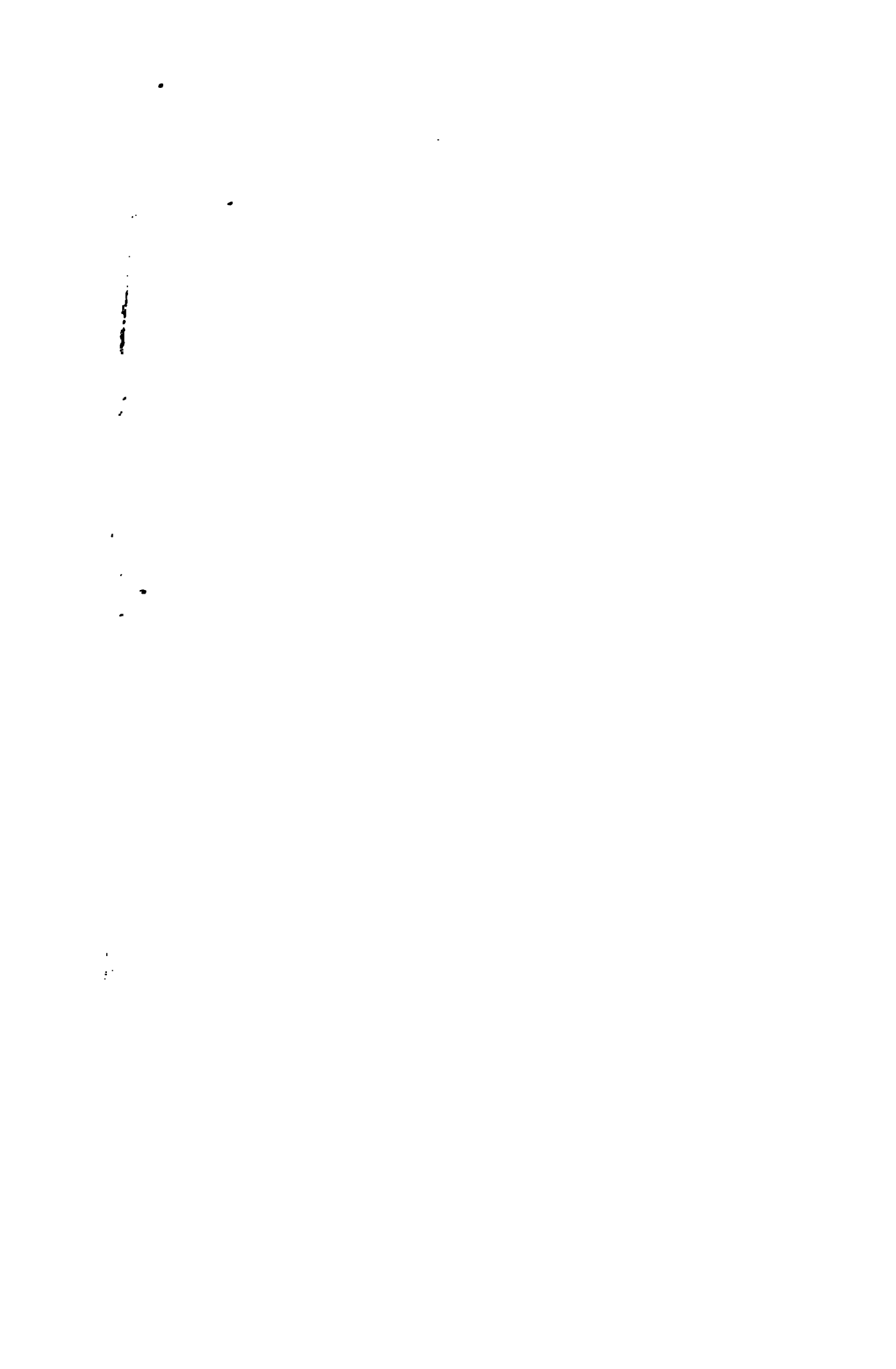
Whae'er fhall fay I wanted grace,
When I did kifs and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne, fay, I was a fautor.

Could I for fhame, could I for fhame,
Could I for fhame refus'd her,
And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her :
He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her ;
When fic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her ?

I dighted ay her een fae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy,
And weel I wat her willin mou
Was e'en like fuccar-candie.
At gloamin-fhote it was, I wat,
I lighted on the Monday ;
But I cam through the Tifeday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

The following Poems—attributed to BURNS
—appeared anonymously in “JOHNSON’S
Musical Museum.”

F f



A THE LADS O' THORNIE-BANK.

Tune.—RUFFIANS RANT.

A ' THE lads o' Thornie-bank
When they gae to the shore o'
Bucky,
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

CHORUS.

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house fae bien, her curch fae clean,
I wat she is a dainty Chuckie !
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

Lady Onlie, &c.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

A Gaelic Air.

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a
great pity,
That he from our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet fae blue;
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the
flae,
And his clear filler buckles they dazzle us a'.

CHORUS.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet fae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the
flae,
And his clear-filler buckles they dazzle us a'.

•

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted
and braw;
But chiefly the filler, that gars him gang till
her,
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a
haen him;
And Sufie whafe daddy was laird o' the Ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his
fancy—
But th' laddie's dear fel he loe's dearest of a'.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give
an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame,
. . You shall hear.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the
law, by the law ?

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the
law ?

What is Right, and what is Wrang ?

A short fword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd
afar ?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar ?

What makes heroic strife ?

To whet th' affassin's knife,

Or hunt a Parent's life

Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in
the state,

Then let your schemes alone, in the state,

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

A W A, W H I G S, A W A.

CHORUS.

Awa, whigs, awa !

Awa, whigs, awa !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

OUR thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses ;
But whigs cam like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

CHORUS.

Awa, whigs, awa !

Awa, whigs, awa !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the duft ;
Deil blin' them wi' the ftoure o't,
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't !
Awa, whigs, &c.

Our fad decay in church and ftate,
Surpaffes my defcribing :
The whigs cam o'er us for a curfe,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa, whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may fee him wauken :
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa, whigs, &c.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

A Gaelic Air.

DEAR MYRA, the captive ribband's
mine,
'Twas all my faithful love could gain ;
And would you ask me to resign,
The sole reward that crowns my pain.

Go bid the hero who has run
Thro' fields of death to gather fame,
Go bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

The Ribband shall it's freedom lose,
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace ;
And at its fortune if you grieve—
Retrieve its doom and take its place.

G g

E P P I E A D A I R.

AN' O, my Eppie,
My Jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty ;
I fwear to be true to
My Eppie Adair !

By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty ;
I fwear to be true to
My Eppie Adair.
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair !

THE POOR THRESHER.

A NOBLEMAN liv'd in a village of
late,
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was
great,
Who had many children and most of them
small,
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.

This poor man was seen to go early to work,
He never was known for to idle or lurk ;
With his flail on his back and his bottle of
beer,
As happy as those that have thousands a year.

In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat ;
Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet :
So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing,
As canty as ever a bird in the spring.

One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,
 Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
 And many a question he ask'd him at large,
 And still his discourse was concerning his charge.

You have many children I very well know,
 Your labour is hard and your wages are low,
 And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how
 That you do maintain them so well as you do.

I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,
 And sometimes, a hedging and ditching I go;
 No work comes me wrong for I shear and I
 - mow,
 And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my
 brow.

My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke,
 We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
 Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,
 And do our endeavour to keep us from want.

I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day,
 At night I do bring my full wages away:
 What tho' it be possible we do live poor,
 We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.

And when I come home from my labour at
night

To my wife and children in whom I delight,
To see them come round me with prattling
noise,

O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys !

Tho' I am as weary as weary can be,
The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my
knee ;

I find that contentment's an absolute feast,
And I never repine at my lot in the least.

The Nobleman hearing him what he did say,
Invited him home to dine with him next day ;
His wife and his children he charg'd him to
bring,

And in token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe,
Thinking the story himself he did raise,
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.

Early next morning the goodwife arose,
And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
There was he, and his wife, and his seven
 children small,
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall.

The dinner being ended, he then let them know,
What he intended on them to bestow ;
A farm of full forty good acres of land
He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.

Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life ;
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs,
So hold thy industry with diligent cares.

No tongue then was able their joy to express,
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;
And many a low humble bow to the ground :
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found.

*AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY
MOUNT.*

AS I came o'er the Cairney mount,
And down amang the blooming
heather,
Kindly stood the milking-fhiel,
To fhelter frae the stormy weather.
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie ;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

* * * * *

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating:
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting.
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie :
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o'
barley;

Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha in a brulzie, will firft cry a parley?

Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o', &c.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,

Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?

Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o', &c.

* * * * *

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blows the wind frae east to
west,
The drift is driving fairly ;
Sae loud and fhill's I hear the blast,
I'm fure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm fure it's winter fairly.

The birds fit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm fure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm fure it's winter fairly.

H h

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

[Another sett from THOMSON at page 146.]

CHORUS.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the beather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.*

AS I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd-lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves fae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'fe lie and sleep,
And ye fall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'fe gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I fall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea ;
While day blinks in the lift fae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death fall blin' my e'e,
Ye fall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

*SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A
NATION!*

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway fands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration ;
We're bought and fold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor,
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.
O wae gae by his wanton fides,
Sae brawly's he could flatter ;
Till for his sake I'm slighted fair,
And dree the kintra clatter :
But though my back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

*FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I
LOVE.*

Tune.—CARRON SIDE.

FRAE the friends and Land I love,
 Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite,
Frae my best Belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight.
Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care :
When Remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unvail Despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Defart ilka blooming shore ;
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love and Peace restore.
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
 Bring our Banish'd hame again ;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

T H E T A Y L O R.

CHORUS.

*For weel he kend the way, O,
The way O, the way O,
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O!*

THE Taylor he cam here to few,
And weel he kend the way to woo,
For ay he pree'd the lassies mou,
As he gade but and ben, O.

The Taylor rafe and sheuk his duds,
The flaes they flew awa in cluds,
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,
The Taylor prov'd a man, O.

CHORUS.

For now it was the gloamin,
The gloamin, the gloamin,
For now it was the gloamin,
When a' to rest are gaun, O.

* * * * *

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

G AT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?

Rock and reel and spinnin wheel,

A mickle quarter basin.

Bye attour, my Gutcher has

A hich house and a laigh ane;

A' forbye my bonie fel',

The tofs of Ecclefechan.

O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing,

O had your tongue and jauner;

I held the gate till you I met,

Syne I began to wander :

I tint my whistle and my fang,

I tint my peace and pleasure ;

But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,

Wad airt me to my treasure.

B O N I E D U N D E E.

O WHARE did ye get that hauver-meal
bannock ?

O filly blind body, O dinna ye fee ;
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.
O gin I faw the laddie that gae me't !
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and
me.

My bleffins upon thy fweet, wee lippie !
My bleffins upon thy bonie e'e brie !
Thy fmiles are fae like my blythe Sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me !
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by fae clear ;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

J U M P I N J O H N.

HER Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad,
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't, the brouft she brew't,
Wad taste fae bitterlie.

CHORUS.

The lang lad they ca' jumpin John,
Beguil'd the bonie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John,
Beguil'd the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillins and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lafs wi' the bonie black e'e.
The lang lad, &c.

I D R E A M ' D I L A Y, &c.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were
springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
Lift'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, chrystal stream ;
Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flowery blifs destroy'd.
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

M Y B O N I E M A R Y .

G O, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver taffie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonie lassie.
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody :
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary !

THE HIGHLAND BALOU.

HEE balou, my fweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a' Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou funder :
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

* * * * *

THE CARDIN O'T, &c.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnie o't;
For Johnie is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of onie yet.

CHORUS.

The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
The warpin o't, the winnin o't;
When ilka ell coft me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

The cardin, &c.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confefs thou art fae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luvè ;
Had I na found the flighteft prayer
That lips could fpeak thy heart could muve.
I do confefs thee fweet, but find
Thou art fae thriftlefs o' thy fweets,
Thy favors are the filly wind
That kifles ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rofe-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers fae coy,
How fune it tines its fcent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy !
Sic fate ere lang fhall thee betide ;
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while,
Yet fune thou fhalt be thrown afide,
Like ony common weed and vile.

ILL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.
There's nane fall ken, there's nane fall gues,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
● And stownlins we fall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When tryftin time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonie Jean again.

AND I'LL KISS THEE YET, YET.

Tune.—BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

AN' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
When in my arms, &c.

An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.

And by thy een fae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And by thy een, &c.
K k

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come, &c.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore,
My dear,
With, adieu for evermore.

The foger frae the wars returns,
The failor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear.
The lee-lang night, and weep.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae faucy yet.
I rue the day I fought her O,
I rue the day I fought her O;

Wha gets her needs na fay he's woo'd,
But he may fay he's bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never mis's't it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kifs't the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin' o't.

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

O RATTLIN, roarin Willie,
O he held to the fair,
An' for to fell his fiddle
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The faut tear blin't his e'e;
And Rattlin, roarin Willie
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come fell your fiddle,
O fell your fiddle fae fine ;
O Willie, come fell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine ;
If I should fell my fiddle,
The warld would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.

•

As I cam by Crochallan
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was fitting at yon boord-en',
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie ;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me !

H E Y T U T T I T A I T I .

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin ;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

CHORUS.

Hey tutti taiti,
How tutti taiti,
Hey tutti taiti,
Wha's fou now ?

Cog an ye were ay fou,
Cog an ye were ay fou,
I wad fit and fing to you,
If ye were ay fou.

Hey tutti, &c.

Weel may we a' be !
Ill may we never fee !
God blefs the king
And the companie !

Hey tutti, &c.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO.

MY heart was ance as blythe and free
As fimmer days were lang,
But a bonie, weftlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my fang.

CHORUS.

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weaver's gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither fent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab ;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and fab.

To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie, weftlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom ;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was finking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.

To the weaver's, &c.

But what was faid, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra foon
Will ken as weel's myfel!

To the weaver's, &c.

T H E S L A V E ' S L A M E N T .

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did
me enthal,

For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O :
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never
see it more ;

And, alas ! I am weary, weary O !
Torn from, &c.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow
and frost,

Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O ;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers
for ever blow,

And alas ! I am weary, weary O !
There streams, &c.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel
f scourge I fear,

In the lands of Virginia-ginia O ;
And I think on friends most dear, with the
bitter, bitter tear,

And alas ! I am weary, weary O !
And I think, &c.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' befet wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' goud,
While down his cheeks the faut tears row'd;
He took a hauf and gied it to me,
And I'll keep it until the hour I die.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune.—MISS MUIR.

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The Poet's occupation?
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration;
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the show'r, and every flow'r
The garden is adorning:
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes ;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances :
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing flave is ;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor :
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is ;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH, I am come to the low countrie,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna fae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the Country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill fae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,
Sair, fair may I repine ;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to fet us free ;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his Country fell,
Upon Culloden's field.

Ochon, O, Donald Oh !
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie !
Nae woman in the world wide,
Sae wretched now as me.

*O STEER HER UP AND HAUD HER
GAUN.*

O STEER her up and haud her gaun,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
An' gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
First shore her wi' a kindly kifs,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
An' gin she tak the thing amifs
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

O JOHN, come kifs me now, now, now ;
O John, my luv, come kifs me now,
O John, come kifs me by and by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.
O some will court and compliment,
And ither some will kifs and daut ;
But I will mak o' my gudeman,
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute.

O some will court and compliment,
And ither some will prie their mou,
And some will haufe in ithers arms,
And that's the way I like to do.
O John, come kifs me now, now, now ;
O John, my luv, come kifs me now,
O John, come kifs me by and by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.

T H E A U L D M A N, & c.

THE auld man he came over the lea,
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ;
He cam on purpose for to court me,
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me gie him a stool,
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ;
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me gie him some pye,
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ;
I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by,
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me gie him a dram,
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ;
I gae him a dram o' the brand fae strang,
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me put him to bed,
Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him ;
I put him to bed, and he fwore he wad wed,
Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie !
O Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's Line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and fwords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live, or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' founding victorie
May Kenmure's Lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw.

L A D Y M A R Y A N N.

O LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the
castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower amang them a':
My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll fend him a year to the College yet ;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew :
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue;
And the langer it bloffom'd, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
Bonie and bloomin, and ftraught was its make;
The fun took delight to shine for its sake ;
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The fimmer is gane when the leaves they were
green,
And the days are awa that we hae seen ;
But far better days I trust will come again ;
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin
yet.

T O D A U N T O N M E.

THE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lillies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
But an auld man shall never daunt on me.

CHORUS.

To daunt on me, and me fae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
For an auld man shall never daunt on me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his faut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunt on me.

To daunt on me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunt on me.

To daunt on me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,
That auld man shall never daunt on me.
To daunt on me, &c.

T H E P L O U G H M A N .

THE TWO LAST VERSES (ONLY) BY BURNS.

THE Ploughman he's a bonie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry Ploughman ;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the Ploughman.

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary :
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie.
Up wi't a', &c.

I will wafh my Ploughman's hofe,
And I will drefs his o'erlay ;
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.

Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been eaft, I hae been weft,
I hae been at Saint Johnfton,
The bonieft fight that e'er I faw
Wàs th' Ploughman laddie dancin.

Up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white ftockins on his legs,
And filler buckles glancin ;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O but he was handfome !

Up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man ;
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.

Up wi't a', &c.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED.

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbed fu'
law,

O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she cam ben she kifs'd Cockpen,
And fyne deny'd she did it at a'.

And wafna Cockpen right faucy witha',
And wafna Cockpen right faucy witha',
In leaving the dochter of a lord,
And kiffin a Collier lassie an a'?

O never look down, my lassie at a',
O never look down, my lassie at a',
Thy lips are as fweet and thy figure compleat,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae sma,
Tho' thou has nae filk and holland fae sma,
Thy coat and thy fark are thy ain handywark,
And Lady Jean was never fae braw.

N n

D U N C A N G R A Y.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha the girdin o't,
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha the girdin o't ;
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun fit the lee lang day,
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
 And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonie was the Lammas moon,
 Ha, ha the girdin o't ;
Glowrin a' the hills aboon,
 Ha, ha the girdin o't ;
The girdin brak, the beaft cam down,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon,
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun ;
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
Ha, ha the girdin o't,
I'fe blefs you wi' my hindmost breath,
Ha, ha the girdin o't ;
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mefs John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't.

WANTONNESS FOR EVER MAIR.

WANTONNESS for ever mair,
Wantonnefs has been my ruin ;
Yet, for a' my dool and care,
It's wantonnefs for ever !
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown ;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden ;
A' the colours in the town,
I hae won their wanton favour.

* * * * *

H E Y C A' T H R O'.

UP wi' the carls of Dyfart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the Kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

CHORUS.

Hey ca' thro' ca' thro,
For we hae mickle ado,
Hey ca' thro' ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae fangs to fing ;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.
Hey ca' thro', &c

We'll live a' our days,
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey ca' thro', &c

E P P I E M ' N A B .

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie
M'Nab?

O faw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kiffin the Laird;
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou haft done, be it late be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

KILLIECRANKIE.

WHARE hae ye been fae braw, lad !
Whare hae ye been fae brankie O ?
Whare hae ye been fae braw, lad ?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie O ?

CHORUS.

An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been fae cantie O ;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
I' th' braes o' Killiecrankie O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O ;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O ;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

Handwritten notes:
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O ;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

*MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN A
HECKLE.*

Tune.—BODDICH NA' MBRIGS, OR LORD
BREADALBINE'S MARCH.

O MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
An' kiffin my Katie when a' was done.

O' a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and fing;
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Befs, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kifs me again!
Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

THE RANTIN DOG, THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune.—EAST NOOK O' FIFE.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kifs me where I lie?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groanin maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the Creepie-chair,
Wha will fit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll feek nae mair,
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kifs me o'er again?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

WILL YE GO AND MARRY KATIE?

WILL ye go and marry Katie?
Can ye think to tak a man?
It's a pity ane fae pretty
Should na do the thing they can.
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane!
Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a feason, and is gane.

Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,
Listen to a loving fwain;
Tak a mark by auntie Betty,
Ance the darling o' the men:
She, wi' coy and fickle nature,
Trifled aff till she's grown auld,
Now she's left by ilka creature;
Let na this o' thee be tauld.

But, my dear and lovely Katie,
This ae thing I hae to tell,
O o

I could wish nae man to get ye,
Save it were my very fel.
Tak me, Katie, at my offer,
Or be-had, and I'll tak you :
We's mak nae din about your tocher ;
Marry, Katie, then we'll woo.

Mony words are needles, Katie,
Ye're a wanter, fae am I ;
If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply :
Say then, Katie, fay ye'll take me,
As the very wale o' men,
Never after to forsake me,
And the Priest shall fay, Amen.

Then, O ! then, my charming Katie,
When we're married what comes then ?
Then nae ither man can get ye,
But ye'll be my very ain :
Then we'll kifs and clap at pleasure,
Nor wi' envy troubled be ;
If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains fae lofty and
wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the
Clyde,
Where the grous lead their coveys through the
heather, to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on
his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's funny
shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy
moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequestered stream,
Resides a sweet Laffie, my thought and my
dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my
path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow
strath;

For there, wi' my Laffie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o'
Love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share :
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear Laffie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a
prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and
fighs ;
And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd
her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-
sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in
her arms,
O, these are my Laffie's all-conquering charms.

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

THE Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa;
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a';
And our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That anger'd the filly gudeman, O.

CHORUS.

We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He fought them out, he fought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him!
But the body he was fae doited an blin,
He wist na whare he was gaun, O.
We'll hide, &c.

They coöper'd at e'en, they coöper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And fwears that there they shall stan', O
We'll hide, &c.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets found and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my King to fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,

Ere ought thy manly courage shake ;
Bonie, Highland laddie.
Go, for yoursel procure renown,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonie, Highland laddie !

B L U E B O N N E T S.

WHEREFORE fighting art thou
Phillis?
Has thy Prime unheeded past ?
Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
Were not made for aye to last ?
Know thy form was once a treasure ;
Then it was thy hour of scorn ;
Since thou then deny'ft the pleasure,
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn.

THE TAYLOR FELL THRO' THE BED

PART OF THIS SONG (ONLY) BY BURNS.

THE Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble
an' a',
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they
were sma',
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, cany young man,
Gie me the groat again, cany young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest filler that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

*YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE
PLAIN.*

Tune.—THE CARLIN OF THE GLEN.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and fae gay a fwain,
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love.
But now wi' sighs and starting tears
He strays amang the woods and briers,
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His fad complaining dowie raves.

I wha fae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy fae dear:
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

P p

O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

FIRST CHORUS.

*O an ye were dead, gudeman,
A green turf on your head, gudeman,
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman.*

THERE'S fax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
There's fax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.
O an ye were, &c.

A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman,
A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman ;
The flesh to him the broo to me,
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.

SECOND CHORUS.

Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran :
Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman.

*WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE
DIE ?*

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was voggie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes fae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill,
I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

WHARE live ye my bonie lads,
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier laddie.
My name, &c.

See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on fae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
They a' are, &c.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up fae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.
And ane to wait, &c.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals fae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.
I wad turn, &c.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
And make my bed, &c.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee Cot-houfe shoud haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie.
And the warld, &c.

L E E Z I E L I N D S A Y.

WILL ye go to the Highlands, Leezie
Lindfay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me;
Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindfay,
My pride and my darling to be?

* * * * *

T H E T I T H E R M O R N

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik fat moaning,
I didna trow,
I'd fee my jo
Beside me gain the gloaming.
But he fae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did chear me ;
When I, what reck,
Did leaft expect,
To fee my lad fae near me.

His bonnet he
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprufl when first he clasp'd me ;
And I, I wat,
W' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pres'd me.
De'il tak the war !
I late and air

Hae wi'h'd since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
As shortfyne broken hearted.

 Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'dna by,
 Sae fad was I,
In abfence o' my dearie.
 But praife be blest,
 My mind's at reft,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
 At kirk and fair,
 I'fe ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

*THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER
BUSH, &c.*

AN OLD SONG ALTERED BY BURNS.

THERE grows a bonie brier bush in our
kail-yard,
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie
and a lad,
And they're bufy, bufy courtin in our kail-yard.

We'll court nae mair below the bush in our
kail-yard,
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our
kail-yard ;
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no
be feen,
Whare the trees and the branches will be our
fafe guard.

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha',
Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha' ;

Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm fure will ding
them a'?

I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.

What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs
awa?

What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs
awa?

I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
And fee an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his
knee,

He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.

D U N C A N D A V I S O N .

THERE was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan couldna win ;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she fet the wheel between :
But Duncan fwoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn ;
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,

Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk ;
A man may fight and no be flain ;
A man may kifs a bonie lafs,
And ay be welcome back again.

C O C K U P Y O U R B E A V E R .

WHEN first my brave Johnie lad came
to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border and gie them a brush ;
There's somebody there we'll teach better be-
haviour—
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver !

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

CHORUS.

*The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow ;
I think my wife will end her life,
Before she spin her tow.*

I BOUGHT my wife a ftane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow ;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary,

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe ;
And ay she took the tither fouk,
To drouk the ftourie tow.

The weary,

Quoth I, for fhame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow !
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow.

The weary,

At laft her feet, I fang to fee't,
Gaed foremoft o'er the knowe ;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary, &c.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

CHORUS.

*O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.*

WHEN the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou fhalt fit in ftate,
And fee thy love in battle.

O mount, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the fhades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

O mount, &c.

*YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST
LAD.*

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa ;
Fu' blythe he wiftled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
He roos'd my een fae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waift fae genty sma' ;
An' ay my heart came to my mou,
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a' ;
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

A Y W A U K I N, O.

[Another fett at page 101.]

SIMMER'S a pleafant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour ;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover !

CHORUS.

Ay waukin, O,
Waukin ftill and weary;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I fleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie ;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie.

Ay waukin, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are fleepin ;
I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

Ay waukin, &c.

CARL, AN THE KING COME.

FIRST VERSE (ONLY) BY BURNS.

CHORUS.

*Carl, an the king come,
Carl, an the king come ;
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
Carl, an the king come.*

AN fomebodie were come again,
Then fomebodie maun cros the
main,

And every man shall hae his ain,
Carl, an the king come.

Carl, an, &c

I trow we swapp'd for the warfe,
We gae the boot and better horse ;
And that we'll tell them at the cros,
Carl, an the king come.

Carl, an, &c

Coggie, an the king come,
Coggie, an the king come,
I'fe be fou and thou'fe be toom,
Coggie, an the king come.

Coggie, an, &c.

JOCKEY FOU, AND JENNY FAIN.

FOURTH VERSE (ONLY) BY BURNS.

JOCKEY fou, and Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
Thus the wooer tell'd his mind :

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price ;
I'll ne'er prig for red or white ;
Love alane can gi'e delight.

Ithers seek they kenna what,
Features, carriage, and a' that ;
Gi'e me love in her I court ;
Love to love maks a' the sport.

R r

The following are collated from various sources.

“Craigie-burn Wood” is read from a quarto M.S., kindly shown to us by WILLIAM ALLASON CUNINGHAME, Esq., of Afton Lodge, the first leaf of which bears the following inscription:—

“To Mrs. General STEWART of Afton.—
“The first person of her sex and rank that
“patronized his humble lays,—this manuscript
“collection of Poems is presented, with the
“sincerest emotions of grateful respect by

“THE AUTHOR.”



CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

[Another sett from THOMSON at page 51.]

SWEET` clofes the evening on Craigie-
burn wood,
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the fpring in the Craigie-
burn wood,
Can yield me nought but forrow.

I fee the fpredding leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds finging;
But pleafure they hae nane for me
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger :
But fecret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I fee thee gracefu', ftraight and tall,
I fee thee fweet and bonie ;

But, oh ! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie ?

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twill be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es name before me ;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

AS I GAED UP BY YON GATE END

AS I gaed up by yon gate end,
The day was waxing weary,
Wha did I meet, upon the way,
But pretty Peg, my dearie.

The music of her pretty foot,
On my heart it did play so,
For ay she tipp'd the fiddlin's wink,
Come kiss me at your leisure.

Her air so sweet, her shape complete,
With nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of love could never move
 With motion more enchanting.

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
Was on her bosom strow'd so,
And love said, laughing in her looks,
 Come kiss me at your leisure.

With linked hands we took the sands,
Down by yon winding river ;
Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r,
 Can I forget it?—Never.

The conscious fun, out o'er yon hill,
Rejoicin' clos'd the day so,
Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still,
 Come kiss me at your leisure.

C A L E D O N I A.

Tune.—"CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."

THERE was once a day, but old Time
then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung :
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's
divine ?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant
it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ;
Her grandfire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
" Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter
" shall rue ! "

With tillage or pasture at times she would
sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling
corn :

But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the
horn.

Long quiet she reign'd ; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand ;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd
the land :

Their pounces were murder, and terror their
cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the
north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of
the shore ;
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :

O'er countries and kingdoms their fury pre-
vail'd,

No arts could appease them, no arms could
repel ;

But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,

As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie
tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,

With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,

And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his
life :

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,

Oft prowling, enfanguin'd the Tweed's silver
flood ;

But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,

He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,

Her bright course of glory for ever shall run :
For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;

I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :

Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the
bafe ;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenufe ;
Then ergo, she'll match them, and match
them always.

*MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE
THING.*

[Another fett at page 170.]

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And nist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
The warble and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

T O M A R Y.

Tune.—EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Acrofs the Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae fworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae fworn by the Heavens to be true ;
And fae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour, and the moment o' time!

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains !
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands :
These, their richly-gleaming waves,

I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood ;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

(*Quasi dicat Phillis.*)

Tune.—WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT.

O SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
O faw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou'ft broken the heart o' thy Willy.

*MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN
THE GROVES.*

Tune.—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair :
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;

But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

*THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE
MOOR.*

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling :
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish ;
T t

To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover :
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me ;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me !

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me :
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors yields at last,
In overwhelming ruin !

D E L U D E D S W A I N.

Tune.—THE COLLIER'S DOCHTER.

DELUDED fwain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the filly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
Good claret set before thee :
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

'T'WAS NA HER BONIE BLUE EE

Tunc.—LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

T'WAS na her bonie blue e'e was a
ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing
'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, frown glanc
kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

*O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD
BLAST.*

Tune.—THE ROBIN CAM TO THE WREN'S NEST.

O WERT thou in the cauld blaft,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The defart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS, &c.

Tune.—IF HE BE A BUTCHER NEAT AND TRIM.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mein;
The graces of her weelfar'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

She's stately like yon youthful aish,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en,

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her forehead's like the flow'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her teeth are like a flock o' theep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

[First sett at page 27.]

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume fae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I fae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That fings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That fings beside thy mate ;
For fae I fat, and fae I fang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè ;
And fae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightfome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvè staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGIE.

Tune.—GALLA WATER.

ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat furly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy ;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The tharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.

*HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM
THAT'S AWA.*

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa ;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa' !
It's guid to be merry and wife,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success !
May prudence protect her frae evil !
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie
That lives at the lug o' the law !
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write !
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should
be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth
gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' fnao !
Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
And friends on both sides of the Tweed ;
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread !

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN, &c.

Tune.—DAINTIE DAVIE. •

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while.

To be fae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hanfel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' s'cho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But fure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So bleffin's on thee, Robin !

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin !

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Tune.—THE WEAVER AND HIS SHUTTLE, O.

MY father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O ;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O ;
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O ;
Tho' to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O :
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O ;
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favour, O ;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O :
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then fore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
With fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O :
The past was bad, and the future hid ;
Its good or ill untried, O ;
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O ;
So I must toil and sweat and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O :
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O ;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber ; O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
With all her wonted malice, O :
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O ;
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O ;
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natur'd folly, O ;

But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for blifs,
You leave your view the farther, O :
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing ;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her !

Her lips are roses wet wi' dew !
O, what a feast her bonie mou !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner !

A M A N G T H E T R E E S .

Tune.—THE KING O' FRANCE, HE RADE A RACE.

A MANG the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was finging; O
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie; O
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and wearie: O—
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prifoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* * * * *

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune.—BANKS OF BANNA.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine
A place where body faw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny blifs
Upon the lips o' Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah !
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Emprefs or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna !

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day !
Awa, thou pale Diana !
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna !

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna ;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING.

THE heather was blooming, the meadows
were mawn,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

CHORUS.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
I red you beware at the hunting, young men ;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown
heather bells,

Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And O ! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.

I red, &c.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill :

He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the
brae—

His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where
she lay.

I red, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I red, &c.

* * * * *

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

Tune.—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy ?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie ?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, flumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme !
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream ?

LINES ON A PLOUGHMAN.

AS I was a wand'ring ae morning in
spring,
I heard a young Ploughman fae sweetly to sing;
And as he was fingin' thir words he did say,
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the
month o' sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rife frae her
nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her
breast;
And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle
and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back
again.

THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE.

Tune.—"KILLICRANKIE."

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man?
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will we fend a man-o'-law?
Or will we fend a fodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Urfa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man?
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter;
Anbank, wha guefs'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre.

W w

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay-green woods, amang, man ;
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kifs
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent-blifs,
To hold a Fête Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth on gleeesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,
Ilk glen and fhaw she knew, man :
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter ;
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,
To view this Fête Champetre.

How many a robe fae gaily floats !
What sparkling jewels glance, man !
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradife did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champetre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-ftane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :
He blufh'd for fhame, he quat his name,
Forfware it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champetre.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Tune.—"THE MUCKIN O' GEORDIE'S BYRE."

A DOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they
spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daify amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading
grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

Awa, &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day !
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa, &c.

O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID.

O WAT ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tyfday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a faft bed,
A faft bed, a faft bed,
She laid me in a faft bed,
And bade gudeen to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parfon did,
The parfon did, the parfon did,
An' wat ye what the parfon did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loofed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man,
He loofed on me a lang man,
That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing,

An' I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To put a young thing in a fright,
An' loofe a man on me, jo.

L U C K L E S S F O R T U N E .

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O !
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O !
My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O ;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O .
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O ;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O .

AH, CHLORIS, SINCE IT MAY NA BE.

Tune.—MAJOR GRAHAM.

AH, Chloris, since it may na be,
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune.—SHAWNBOY.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation ;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To fit in that honoured station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion ;
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis feldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border ;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order ;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter ;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

X x

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

THE SECOND STANZA, AND MOST OF THE THIRD, (ONLY) BY BURNS.

Tune.—"O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE."

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Rofs another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the fea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to fee auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,

If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie !

*WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART
KYLE.*

Tune.—I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye :

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreading onie body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune.—"THE DUSTY MILLER."

H EY, the dufty miller,
And his dufty coat ;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dufty was the coat,
Dufty was the colour,
Dufty was the kifs
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dufty miller,
And his dufty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dufty peck.
Fills the dufty peck,
Brings the dufty filler ;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dufty miller.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune.—"MAGGY LAUDER."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November ;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither :
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But fure her foul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds afunder.

I MET A LASS, A BONIE LASS.

I MET a lass, a bonie lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a body's mouth to water ;
Our mefs John, wi' his lyart pow,
His haly lips wad lickit at her.

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE.

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceiv'd
me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill ;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.—

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.—

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

O GIE my love brose, brose,
Gie my love brose and butter ;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.
The lav'rock lo'es the grafs,
The muirhen lo'es the heather ;
But gie me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

AS DOWN THE BURN, &c.

AS down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale ;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was ay the tale.

With " Mary, when shall we return,
" Sic pleasure to renew ? "
Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
" And ay shall follow you."

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL, &c.

THE laft braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmafs day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins fang,
And the dames danced in the ha' ;
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midft o' her kimmers a'

S O N G,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED FARMER.

Tune.—"GO FROM MY WINDOW, LOVE, DO."

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retired to rest,
While here I sit all fore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo;
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep;
But Misery and I must watch
The furly tempest blow:
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
Thus brought so very low!
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O!

Y y

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,
No anxious fear their little heart alarms ;
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
 With many a bitter throe :
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

I once was by Fortune caresst,
I once could relieve the distrest ;
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow :
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

No comfort, no comfort I have !
How welcome to me were the grave !
But then my wife and children dear,
 O whither would they go ?
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

O whither, O whither shall I turn !
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn !
For in this world Rest or Peace
 I never more shall know !
And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune.—"GALLA WATER."

CHORUS.

*Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;
O braw lads of Galla Water :
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.*

SAE fair her hair, fae brent her brow,
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie ;
Sae white her teeth, fae fweet her mou',
The mair I kifs she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon mofs amang the heather ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie loft a filken fnood,
That coft her mony a blirt and bleary.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;
O braw lads of Galla Water :
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

*THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O'
NITH.*

Tune.—"UP AND WAUR THEM A', WILLIE."

THE Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie ;
But he'll fair them, as he fair'd the King,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a' ;
The Johnstones hae the guidin o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs awa !

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie ;

Or frae puir man a bleffin wan,
That day the Duke ne'er faw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his Country's boast ?

Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue ;
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

D A M O N A N D S Y L V I A.

Tune.—"THE TITHER MORN, AS I FORLORN."

YON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir :
Slides by a bower where monie a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay :
To love they thought nae crime, Sir ;
The wild-birds fang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONIE MARY.

Tune—"THE RUFFIAN'S RANT."

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky
We drank a health to bonie Mary.

CHORUS.

Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kiffin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een fae bright, her brow fae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

Theniel Menzie's, &c.

We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary,
But Charlie gat the spring to pay
For kiffin' Theniel's bonie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's, &c.

W O M E N ' S M I N D S .

[Another sett, in *The Jolly Beggars*, at page 92, Posthumous vol.]

Tune.—"FOR A' THAT."

THO' women's minds like winter winds
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

CHORUS.

Far a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that ;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to throw that.

For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
A bonie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that ?

For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that ;
But for how lang the fire may stand,
Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in, and a' that ;
But clear your decks, and here's "The Sex!"
I like the jades for a' that.

For a' that, &c.

T A L K N O T O F L O V E.

[The first stanza is by Clarinda—slightly altered by BURNS—the second is his.]

Air.—"THE BANKS OF SPEY."

TALK not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe :
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe.
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove :
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy !
Why urge the only, one request,
You know I will deny !
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought ;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I fought.

Z z

O N C E S S N O C K , B A N K S .

[Another fett at page 350.]

Tune.—" IF HE BE A BUTCHER NEAT AND TRIM."

ON Ceffnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mein;
Our lassies a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's stately like yon youthful aish
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,

They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

F I N I S.

UNITED GENERAL INDEX.

*** To render this Edition of BURNS easy of access, this UNITED GENERAL INDEX is furnished upon a plan not exactly adopted by any former Editor. The *Names* of the pieces are given in *Italic*, while the *First Lines* are in *Roman* letters—both being rendered together, alphabetically.

The letter *f* denotes the *Fac-simile* volume; *e* the volume of *Edinburgh* poems; *p* the volume of *Posthumous* poems; and *s* the volume of *Songs*.

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